

### Sharks in the Mediterranean.

BEFORE the Isthmus of Suez was pierced by the canal there were very few sharks in the Mediterranean, the passage through Gibraltar not being to their liking. Now they come in such numbers that in many a place on the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic, the sign has gone up, "Beware of sharks!"

## The Heart Breakers

A REAL AMERICAN ROMANCE

### Honora Hears That Mildred Has Transferred Her Affections to Harold Hilton

By Virginia Turhune Van de Water.  
CHAPTER LXXVII.

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THE evening paper contained the statement that Thomas Chandler was out of danger from the bullet wound. He had been allowed to see his wife for a few minutes. When young Mrs. Chandler left the hospital she acknowledged that all divorce proceedings had been dropped.

"There was a foolish mistake somewhere," she had declared. Honora read this bit of news with mingled feelings of relief and disgust. Apparently the whole scandal had died a natural or unnatural death. Perhaps the end had been hastened by the loss of Dr. Chandler's money. He had enough to be able to spare a goodly amount to save his son's reputation.

That page was turned down and sealed so far as Mildred was concerned Honora was devoutly thankful.

She had recently acquired too much wisdom to mention the painful topic in chatting to Mildred while she dressed for the Hilton dinner. Therefore she was startled when the girl remarked casually: "I see that Tom Chandler's going to get well. So there's been a great deal of gossip over a trifling matter. I am glad I was not foolish enough to let myself get excited over it."

Yet only forty-eight hours ago this young creature had waited in the Fairlands station for Tom Chandler. Now she looked as pretty as if she had never had a care. There was not a line nor a wrinkle in her face. No wonder people thought her lovely. She was almost beautiful at times. And this was one of the times.

"Good-by," she said, airily, as, after surveying herself in the mirror, she threw her evening-cloak about her. "Mrs. Hilton promised that her car would call for me at a quarter of 7, and it is just that

now. Oh!" glancing from the window, "there it is already—the limousine, please observe! I say, Honora, some class to me—Isn't it?"

She laughed merrily and ran downstairs. "Thoughtfully Honora took off her own office dress and started to put on another gown. In the act of fastening this garment—a neat dress of dark blue silk—she paused. Why should she not look her prettiest tonight? Arthur was going away soon. She had a right to have him carry with him a recollection of her at her best.

Milly Heart Whole Again. When she appeared below-stairs fifteen minutes later, she wore a soft, filmy creation of an exquisite shade of rose pink. The gown was a favorite one with Mrs. Higgins, who smiled her approbation.

"I am glad to see you wearing that pretty thing," she remarked. "I was thinking just now as I saw Mildred looking so fine that I wished you would be as much interested in dress as she is. Not but what you are always well groomed, my dear," she added hastily, "for you always are. And you always look stylish. But bright colors are very becoming to you, and they do lighten one up so in the evening. And, after all, you are only a little older than Mildred. So why not dress as if you were as young as you are?"

"I don't always feel young," the girl replied. "But you must, Honey," Mrs. Higgins insisted. "You ought to entertain more. I think we must force you to do so. Now here you have a whole long evening before you with nobody but me."

"No," Honora corrected, flushing consciously, "Arthur Bruce is coming."

"Well, I am glad! Do you suppose he expects to find Mildred at home?"

"No, he knows she is to be out," Honora said quickly. She wished that Mrs. Higgins could think of Arthur as unconnected with Mildred. The broken engagement had evidently made a deep impression.

But the widow's next words were soothing. "I have been thinking a lot about Arthur and Mildred," she confessed, "and I have been remembering back to the time when, after all, that affair was only a passing fancy of Arthur's. There was a time when you and he seemed to be much closer friends than Mildred and he were."

"Yes, I know, and you probably always will be. And that is worth more than the fancy roused by a girl's face or such a coquettish manner as Mildred has. I am fond of the child—very fond of her, as you know—but she is not stable like you. And you are sure of Arthur's friendship."

The words returned to the girl several times during the evening while her caller and she talked earnestly and confidentially.

Yes, she was sure of his friendship, yet there was something in his manner that made her heart beat fast, something that did not seem to be mere friendship.

No mention was made of Mildred until just before Arthur was leaving.

"I wish I could stay longer," he said wistfully. "But it has been such a wonderful evening, here alone with you, that I do not want to mar it by lingering until somebody comes in and interrupts us."

By the way, where is Mildred? Honora explained her sister's whereabouts. To her surprise, Arthur smiled amply.

"It's good to be like Milly," Honora said quickly. "For experiences do not hurt her. I am a not as wise as she."

"Thank goodness!" he exclaimed. "Mildred has not the power of making people care long, either."

"Arthur!" Honora reproved. "That does not sound nice coming from you."

"I can help it! I confess I was desperately in love with her. But it was not the kind of love that lasts."

"How do you know?" "Because her dismissal of me does not hurt me now a bit. If it had been who had broken off our friendship, for instance, I do not think I could bear it, dear. That's the difference."

After which he said good-night hastily and took his departure. It was almost as if he were afraid to let himself say more.

To Be Continued.

"You're a Brick!" To describe any one as a "brick" is well understood as a terse expression of approval of the person to whom the compliment is applied. The phrase is of ancient origin, and is referred to by Plutarch in his life of Lycurgus. An ambassador from Sparta visited Sparta, and was greatly entertained and edified by what he saw during his stay; but one thing puzzled him—the city had no walls. Inquiring the reason of a phenomenon so rare in those warlike times as a city without defensive works, he was promised an answer on the following day. At sunrise the next morning he was escorted to a large plain near the city, where all the Spartan troops were drawn up.

"Here," said Lycurgus, "are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

### Too Many of Us Are Content with Commonplace Uninspiring Homes

## Magazine Page

### Famous Women Collaborate on a Painting

Miss Florence Parbury and Mrs. L. A. Coates Working on a Water Color of a Derbyshire Scene.



Photo by Williams Service.

Miss Parbury (standing) and Mrs. Coates in their London studio. The painting on the easels said to be the first picture by the two women. The result of the combination has been very successful. Miss Parbury has been in France for two years nursing poilus. Since her return to England, she has entertained over 20,000 wounded.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.  
She Is Lame.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a stenographer, sixteen, and I am crippled. By this I do not mean so badly that it embarrasses me, but I wear a brace to the knee. I can do my work, but I am not a very good one.

Do you think Miss Fairfax, that my being afflicted as I am could be the reason I have no one to love? I am a true friend. I have always been a friend to those who are afflicted. I am not out with only girls, I fight right at home. When some young man asks to escort me home, I really don't know what to say, for I don't want him to take me home, and I can't ask him right out. Can you help me?

Girl (calling herself my friend) told me I ought never to go out with young men, and that I should wait until I was married, because I would be a drawback in his social life, and I would have children, they might be afflicted as I am, and I am unhappy and lonely; sometimes I get depressed and can't find the bright side of life at all.

My dear girl, if you have many "friends" like the one you quote, I don't wonder that you are morbid and unhappy. I'd drop that young lady and every one who encourages you to think unhappily. And I should try to forget the lameness as much as possible. When young men ask to see you home accept the little attention gracefully as a matter of course.

In regard to your marriage, only a physician can advise you. But if you stop and think you must remember the names of many well-known men and women who have made happy marriages in spite of physical disability.

To mention a few in the past, there was Byron, whom half the women were mad about, in spite of his club foot. And there was Pope, a hunchback, who had many love affairs with most distinguished women.

### Addicted to Alcohol.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am about to be released from the navy. I am in love with a young lady who is addicted to alcohol, and it is seriously impairing her efficiency as a school teacher. Do you think I ought to wait until after July 1, 1919, to observe her actions? W. O. D.

It would appear as if you are taking something of a risk in making this young lady your wife. The only victory over alcoholism is a moral one. And if you are depending on July 1 to clear up the situation you must not forget that the unscrupulous find means to sell alcohol, even as the weak find means to buy. Why not try to persuade her to undergo a course of treatment at a good sanitarium, as her future happiness depends on her ability to overcome this fault it would be well worth her while.

### Law and Literature.

In the history of literature there are many names of writers who, at one time or another, were connected with the legal profession. Among the men of letters who have practiced as attorneys are Lewis Theobald, the famous emendator of Shakespeare; Sir John Hawkins, the biographer of Dr. Johnson; James South, part author of "Rejected Addresses"; Barry Cornwall, poet and dramatist; Shirley Brooks, novelist and editor of Punch, and Sir Theodore Martin. Many other names are to be found among authors who have worked in solicitors' offices without being admitted, these including Warburton, Chatterton, Cowper, Borrow, Disraeli, Dickens, and Meredith.

### Merry With a Purpose.

Visitor—Who is that singing? Hostess—That's our new maid. She always sings at her work. Visitor: What a happy disposition! But now look she sings! Hostess—Yes; when she sings loud she's breaking something!

## Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

"Bow-wow-wow!" "Little Tom Tinker's dog. Bow-wow-wow!"

IT WAS a very big bark and so small a dog, and Puss Junior and his companions laughed heartily when they saw the animal. It was a shaggy little dog, with a great big collar. Its tail was short, but, oh, dear me! the bark was at the other end was long and loud!

"Whose dog art thou?" cried Puss Junior. The barking stopped for a moment and the little dog replied: "Little Tom Tinker's dog. Bow-wow-wow!"

"Where is Little Tom Tinker?" asked Tom Thumb, looking down from his seat on Puss Junior's shoulder.

"You mean my master?" said the little dog.

"How many Tinkers are there?" asked Tom Thumb with a grin.

"It's good to be like Milly," the little dog said. "There's Mrs. Tinker and the little Tinkers."

"Let's see them all," said Jacky. "If Mr. Tinker is a good tinker, make him fix my fiddle. Something's wrong with it, for it doesn't fiddle the way it used to fiddle."

"Well, come right in," said the little dog, opening the front gate; "now that we are friends I won't bark any more." So in walked Puss Junior with Tom Thumb perched on his shoulder, followed by Jacky and the Blackbird. Tom Tinker was busily at work in his small shop at the rear of the house.

In the kitchen doorway stood four little Tinkers, and in the back-ground could be seen the large, motherly form of Mrs. Tinker. She was just taking out of the oven a pan of smoking hot cookies.

"Don't they smell good?" whispered Tom Thumb.

"Don't they, though?" cried Jacky. "Mother used to make dandy ones for me. But I have no mother any more," and he stroked the Blackbird softly while a tear fell from his eye.

Mrs. Tinker must have heard him. For she came out with the pan of cookies. "Children, ask your visitors to have a cookie with us," and then all the little Tinkers cried out at once: "Mother invites you to have a cookie with us!"

And after that they all sat down on the floor of the little back porch, and in a few minutes everybody had his mouth full of hot cookie, even the little dog, who stopped barking long enough to eat up two before he commenced to "bow-wow" again.

(To be continued.)

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## Hints for the Household

W HEN using sandpaper to remove old paint dampen it with benzine will cause the work to be accomplished sooner.

To form a good broom-holder nail two reels to the wall about two inches apart. Hang the room upside down between the reels.

To clean brass flower pots or trays, rub them with a piece of lemon, then pour boiling water over them, and, finally, polish with a soft, dry cloth.

To restore a navy-blue skirt to its former good condition, take equal parts of vinegar and linseed oil. Shake well and apply with a soft rag; after well rubbing, polish with another soft dry cloth.

For dust-stained alabaster ornaments a paste of whiting, soap, and milk is the best. The paste must be left to dry on, and then washed away, the surface being first dried with a cloth and then with a flannel.

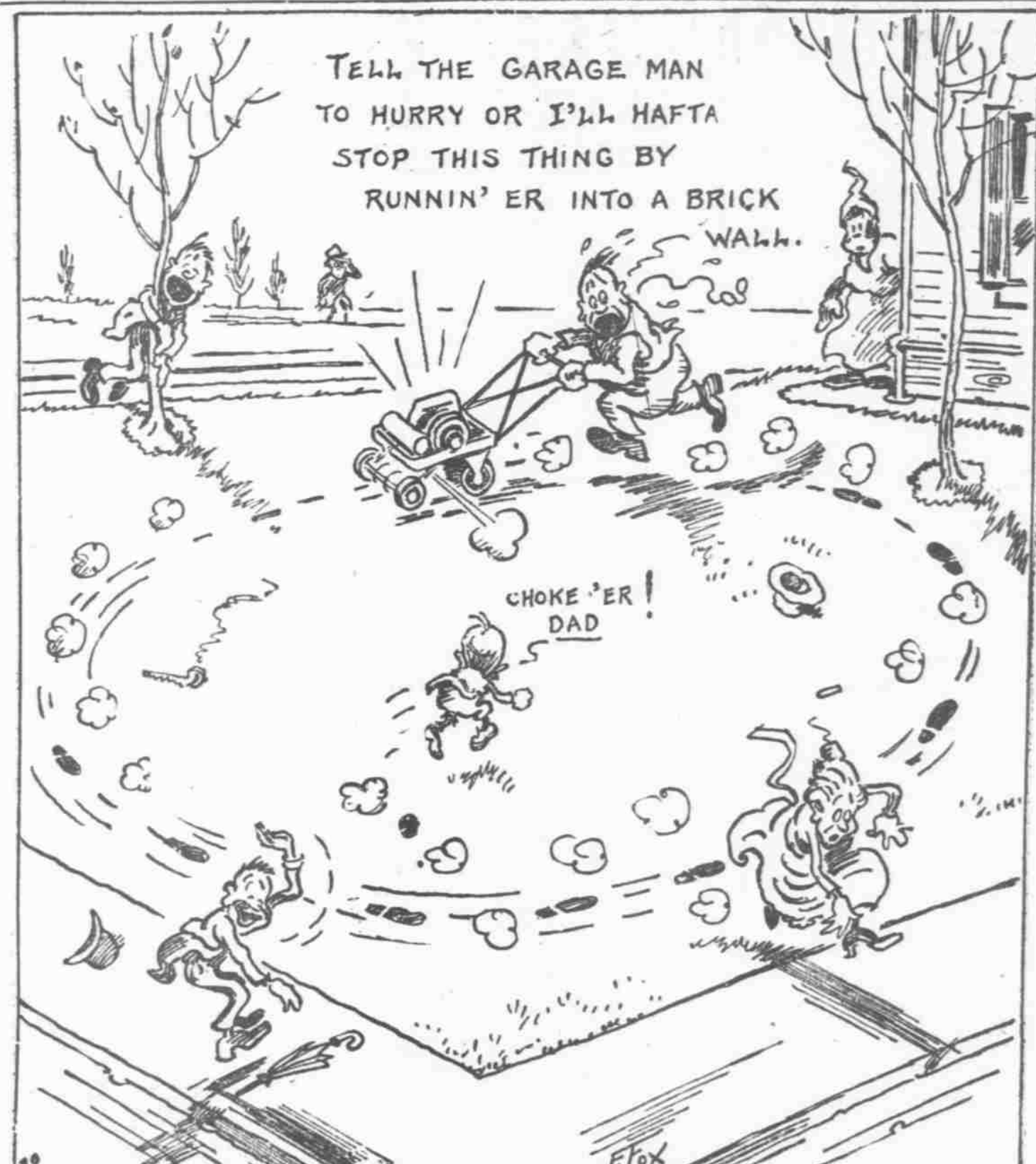
Rice water should never be thrown away, as it is excellent stock for soups.

To make glassware clear and sparkling, add a little washing blue to the soapsuds when washing.

To keep flowers fresh, place a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the water before putting them into the vase.

### Dad Never Knew Enough About Machinery To Run a Whelbarrow, and It Was Very Foolish of Him To Buy That Little Gasoline Lawn Mower.

By FONTAINE FOX



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### This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death in 1524 of the Chevalier Bayard at the River Lesia. Bayard was known as the gentle knight. His prowess in arms and his fine character made his name a synonym for the best in Knighthood, and as such it still lives.

## "The Dark Star"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

### Neeland Entrusts the Olive Wood Box to the Captain of the Trans-Atlantic Liner for Safe-Keeping.

Her face became expressionless under the slow flush mounting. "I'm not teasing you, he insisted. "What I say is true. I'm grateful to you for violently injecting romance into my perfectly commonplace existence. You have taken the book of my life and not only extra illustrated it with vivid and chromatic pictures, but you have unbound it, sewed into its prosaic pages a series of chapters ripped bodily from a penny-dreadful, and you have then rebound your own pretty picture on the cover. Come, now! Ought not a man to be grateful to any philanthropic girl who so gratuitously obliges him?"

Her face burned under his ridicule; her clasped hands in her lap were twisted tight as though to maintain her self-control.

"What do you want of me?" she asked between lips that scarcely moved.

He laughed, sat up, stretched out both arms with a sigh of satisfaction. "The color came back to his face; he dropped one leg over the bed's edge, and she stood erect and stepped aside for him to rise.

No dizziness remained; he tried both feet on the floor, straightened himself, cast a guilty malicious glance at her, and slowly rose to his feet.

The Lion and the Lamb. "Scheherazade," he said, "isn't it funny? I ask you, did you ever hear of a would-be murderer and her escaped victim being on such cordial terms? Did you?"

He was going through a few calisthenics, glancing but with increasing abandon, while he spoke.

"I feel fine, thank you. I am enjoying the situation extremely, too. It's a delightful paradox, this situation. It's absurd, it's enchanting, it's incredible! There is only one more thing that could make it perfectly impossible. And I'm going to do it!" And he deliberately encircled her waist and kissed her.

She turned white at that, and, as he released her, laughing, took a step or two blindly, toward the door; stood there with one hand against it as though supporting herself.

After a few moments, and very slowly, she turned and looked at him; and that young man was scared for the first time since their encounter in the locked house in Brookhollow.

Yet in her face there was no anger, no menace, nothing he had ever before seen in any woman's face, nothing that he now comprehended. Only, for the moment, it seemed to him that something terrible was gazing at him out of this girl's fixed eyes—something that he did not recognize as part of her—another being hidden within her, staring out through her eyes at him.

"For heaven's sake, Scheherazade—" he faltered.

She opened the door, still watching him over her shoulder, shrank through it, and was gone.

Face To Face With Officer. He stood for a full five minutes as though stupefied, then walked to the door and flung it open. And met a ship's officer face to face, already lifting his hand to knock for admittance.

"Mr. Neeland?" he asked.

"Captain West's compliments, and he would be glad to see you in his cabin."

"Thank you. My compliments and thanks to Captain West, and I shall call on him immediately."

They exchanged bows; the officer turned, hesitated, glanced at the steward who stood by the port.

"Did you bring a radio message to Mr. Neeland?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, I received the message," said Neeland.

"The captain requests you to bring the message with you."

"With pleasure," said Neeland.

So the officer went away down the corridor, and Neeland sat down on his bed, opened the box, went over carefully every item of its contents, unlocked it with a grin of satisfaction, and, taking it with him, went off to pay a visit to the captain of the Volhynia.

"Yes, I did. There was a breeze in them—a gayety. And such a fetching girl you drew for your heroine!"

"You think so! It's rather interesting. I met a young girl once—she comes from up-State where I come from. There was a peculiar and rather subtle attraction about her face. So I altered the features of the study I was making from my model, and put in hers as I remembered them."

"She must be beautiful, Mr. Neeland."

"It hadn't struck me so until I drew her from memory. And there's more to the story. I never met her but twice in my life—the second time under exceedingly dramatic circumstances. And now I'm crossing the Atlantic at a day's notice to oblige her."

"It's an amusing story, isn't it?"

"Mr. Neeland, I think it is going to be what you call a 'continued story.'"

"Oh, so. It ought to be, considering its elements. But it isn't. There's no further romance in it, Captain West."

The captain's smile was pleasant but skeptical.

They seated themselves, Neeland declining an invitation to supper, and the captain asking his indulgence if he talked while eating.

Subject of Wireless Inquiry. "Mr. Neeland," he said, "I'm about to talk rather frankly with you. I have had several messages by wireless today from British sources concerning you."

Neeland, surprised, said nothing. Captain West finished his bite of supper; the steward removed the dishes and went out, closing the door. The captain glanced at the box which Neeland had set on the floor by his chair.

"May I ask," he said, "why you brought your suitcase with you?"

"It's valuable."

The captain's keen eyes were on his.

"Why are you followed by spies?" he asked.

Neeland reddened.

"Yes," continued the captain of the Volhynia, "my government instructs me, by wireless, to offer you any aid and protection you may desire. I am informed that you carry papers of military importance to a certain foreign nation with which neither England nor France are at what might be called cordial terms. I am told it is likely that agents of this foreign country have followed you aboard my ship for the purpose of robbing you of these papers."

Now, Mr. Neeland, what do you know about this business?"

"Very little," said Neeland.

"Have you had any trouble?"

"Oh."

The captain smiled.

"Evidently you have wriggled out of it," he said.

"Yes, wriggled is the literal word."

"Then you do not think that you require any protection from me?"

"Perhaps I do. I've been a singularly innocent and lucky ass. It's merely chance that my papers have not been stolen, even before I started in quest of them."

"Have you been troubled aboard my ship?"

Neeland waved his hand carelessly.

"Nothing to speak of, thank you."

"If you have any charge to make—"

"What Make No Charge."

"Oh, no."

The captain regarded him intently.

"Let me tell you something," he said. "Since we sailed, have you noticed the bulletins posted containing our wireless news?"

"Yes, I've read them."

"Did they interest you?"

"Yes. You mean that row between Austria and Serbia over the archduke's murder?"

"I mean exactly that, Mr. Neeland. Austria has declared an ultimatum to Serbia. And probably will send it."

They remained silent for a moment, then the captain continued:

"What should we decide ourselves? This is the most serious thing that has happened since the Hohenoller incident which brought on the Franco-Prussian war."

Neeland nodded.

"You see?" insisted the captain. "Suppose the humiliation is too severe for Serbia to endure? Suppose she refuses the Austrian terms? Suppose Austria mobilizes against her? What remains for Russia? And if Russia does that, what is going to happen in Germany? And then, instantly and automatically, what will follow in France?" His mouth twisted grimly. "England," he said, "is the ally of France. Ask yourself, Mr. Neeland, what are the prospects of this deadly combination and deadlock situation?"

After a few moments the young man looked up from his brown study.

Asks Permission for Question. "I'd like to ask you a question, perhaps not germane to the subject, May I?"

"Ask it."

"Then, of what interest are Turkish forts to any of the various allied nations—to the Triple Entente or the Triple Alliance?"

"Turkish fortifications?"

"Yes—plans for them."

The captain glanced instinctively at the box inside Neeland's chair, but his features remained incurious.

"Turkey is supposed to be the ally of Germany," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)